Rock Hall Alnwick
Northumberland

10th July '35

Dearest Nene How are you on
Mametz day. At Eleven o'clock in the
Evening – 22579, W.D. Jones has just been
sent down with gun-shot wound in Ypres!
the's plastering the approaches.
It was very nice boy at Kit Dawsons
& I miss the coast-line landscape
this is the first time I've ever been
at Rock when it's been really warm.
or g'doors
July 15 monday night in bed – sorry I never
continued this. I hear from Tom that
you have been to London & played with
him one night. How you get seen Dear
Harman? I've just been moved to
another room. It's a little room rather
like a ship's cabin with a stone mullioned
window low & thick walls – the old
heart of the house with a crenellated
place below for anchors & the
grooves of boiling hitch – it
is said that this place is 40 miles or so
north of Hadrian wall & so well
into pictish country – also its
80 miles or so West of London
which is odd – I always felt it
well East of London (forgetful of

inclination ~~west~~ of the whole the bar
of Britain. Its last area here - what-
we like in Town I can't imagine.
I wonder how you are & Joan &
Richard. I have a P.C. for Prudence
a few days ago she's been in an
air-keane. I've got by my bedside
Kuno Meyer's trans of Eng Irish Poetry -
nice - some of them - nice they be
St Patrick. & a thing about a
mark of his pet cat

I call my White Pangur
How each delights special art
This mine is set in hunting mice
mine is Whom my special craft
I love to rest - better than any fame
with close study at my little task
White Pangur does not envy me
he loves his chosen play
he rejoices with quick leaps
when in his sharp claw sticks
a mouse
I too rejoice when I have grasped
a problem difficult & dear loved.

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well old man what about a snore
off it's thirty mid night. Bonsnores..
May 16th. It nearly dinner time now - I watched

a weasel eating a dead bird this morning
in the middle of a great lawn I was
surprised he let me come ~~quite so near~~
in fact I stood within a yard of him
he was enjoying it amply & it looked all
very sinister with black flies buzzing round
all very jackal-&-vulture-in-stricken-field
in little. Then nodding, in just quite as a
stoat he looked up, gave me a look of
great hate with beady-eyes - drew away
& then off over the big shave of
clipped grass to the nearest tree.
His little twistings & grontings into
the decayed bird were most horrible. I
must say. but I felt sorry I had
disturbed his mid meal. I've been
reading the correspondence between Hopkins &
Bridges & Canon Dixon. It is jolly
interesting. Lord how one's high spot Hopkins
did have a twisting of the spirit with the
Jesuits & the 'making' business continued.
You can feel the torture in every word.
Bridges destroyed his own letters so
it is a one sided correspondence but
Canon Dixon's to H. & H. to him are
complete: Nice a huge jokes
occasionally - accidental ones. Such as
Hopkins asking Bridges or some one to

Once on a fine day to that I black
outside OXford in order to see the
grounds to full advantage. as with most
Buses - cats for dinner well -
how can you hear the going in
these tucked-away bedrooms -
they fair scream at you & are
slap through the soup -
says one night- both eaten then
never - they drawn out alright -
as at Hastings .- Been hiking
sweet peas after dinner in the
cold - & particularly Boath the
type of flower - Power to
again now ready to grow off
grow night - once more.

Thursday July 18 or if it is the nineteen I am superior
to it. I wonder how you are? no news
feel dead tired there has been a great
storm ghastly. I've been trying to arrange
the room here that Helen I. uses as a
hiding gallery - my own old work makes
me quite sick - it is all such
a bloody old tangle - but there are
some lovely Ben's here. Have you heard
from Prudence at all? Give Steve &
Joan I do hope she is alright & Richard
& you. Love to Peter, Eric, Mary & Co. What
a Wonderful letter - did you get my last one

Where is February David
Hastings is there?
Else we
and we
Thursday